

CABARET

THE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

**THE WORLD'S
RAWEST
BURLESQUE SHOW**

**ARE EUROPEAN
SINGERS SEXIER?**

**WHERE
TO GO FOR
NIGHT LIFE
IN 9 CITIES**



I STRIPPED AT 16

COVER

MONIQUE VAN TOOREN is that popular European-based known as chanteuse. The Belgium-born doll tried her hand at modeling in European movies before moving into the night club spotlight and becoming a big name vocalist at big band events from coast to coast. She's a positive argument in the debate over whether European singers are under. Capturing her theme in color for the cover was Brian Richmond.



SHOWGIRL OF THE MONTH



PEGGY RAY is one of the new TV spares—a commercial girl. With good looks and charm, she helps sell anything from cigarettes to dew drops. In between she takes showgirl assignments on shows such as Jackie Gleason's and enjoys what with open spurs she can find around New York City.

AMONG the gamblers who cover the bright-light beat along Broadway, Robert Sylvester is not exactly a youngster but he is a relative neophyte as a columnist, having joined the ranks little more than a year ago. However, his sprightly contribution to the pages of the New York Daily News have made him one of the most-read chroniclers in the biggest newspaper in the land in terms of circulation. This month he furnishes a report to *CASABLY* readers on the two most exclusive stories in America, the ultra ultra Stork and El Morocco. Sylvester probes deeply on the profit motives of the two landlords who run the clubs and comes

up with a humorous yet highly sober account.

Covering the full gamut of the night life wheel, *CASABLY* also takes the other extreme of the world of entertainment and takes readers down to Cuba to have a look-see at "The World's Rarest Burlesque Show." Variety man Jay Mallin gives a full and authentic report on what he found at the Havana showstop that combines totally nude girls some what on the beach side covering on stage between showings of stag movies. It's a delightful tale that points up the idea that *CASABLY* furnishes readers a full-rounded picture of the world above dark and its well-lit and dark.

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DEPARTMENTS

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CABARET is published monthly by *Shirley*, *Shirley*, and *John*. And the night life is as different as their owners, *Shirley*, *Shirley*, and *John*.

AMERICA'S MOST ELITE NIGHT CLUBS

No nightlife in land draws as rich and exclusive a clientele as Stork and El Morocco clubs in New York and as two entrepreneurs prove as different as owners Sherman Billingsley and John Penna.

By Robert Spirester



TOP CELEBRITIES in land make Stork Club their headquarters. Room is a couple times as exclusive playing golf as many



REGULAR AT STORK CLUB'S TABLE 26 is columnist Walter Winchell, who picks up many items from every Sherman Billingsley. He has never advertised his club except in early years when he ran ads in college publications, paid editors in drinks.



THE BIGGEST CITY in America, New York, has the most widely the most established socialization and the most celebrities. One might suppose that New York is the sort of town which would have a dozen or more internationally-famous and steadily-successful "class" night clubs filled nightly with the rich and important only. It is one of the ironies of night club history that, over the long haul, only two New York night clubs have consistently been able to draw support from what is accepted as *the* Hign.

Those two night clubs are the Stork Club and El Morocco.

New York has many class restaurants with clientele as busy or busier than these clubs and New York has many first-class cabarets — the *Venettina* and the *Copacabana* are but two — yet no night club has been able to surpass the *exclusiveness* or "exclusiveness" of Stork and El Morocco.

There is a lesson which is far from easy to analyze or explain. If the Stork had succeeded in knocking out Morocco, or vice versa, it would be relatively simple to trace the methods, rules and tactics whereby the victorious point and set down a diagram of how a truly exclusive and classy night club must be planned and developed. The



EL MOROCCO OWNER John Francis takes in some formal clothes, much as patrons bring in well-dressed as he is in club.



STORK CLUB OWNER Sherman Ballingby occupies seven floors of building. One whole floor is taken by bookkeepers.



DISGUISE at El Morocco as Haden Poston discards its member of native Moroccan outfit. Poston is greatly divided on simple new type about because he did not want speaking furnishings that might offend

FOREIGN LEGION UNIFORM is worn by an officer at El Morocco to carry on club's theme. Blue and white marine colors are prevailing background. Poston maintains small office next to club kitchen

confusing truth, however, is that these could not be two right clubs more different than the Stark and El Morocco. They have, indeed, only one characteristic in common. Each is not only owned and operated by a single personality but, in all truth, each is heavily dominated by a personality. All other comparisons end there.

The Stark Club is owned by Sherman Haffington. El Morocco is owned by John Persons. They are the most successful night club men in the history of the trade but the analyst who attempts to discover the secret of night club success through a study of these keys together can only be completely confused by his findings. For two more different men never existed and the close creation of each absolutely and completely negates the thinking, the management, the planning and the theories of the other.

John Persons is a self-made millionaire of Indian birth. He wears rich, striped flannels of Ross Brunard cut, checkered or plaided. His jewelry is delicate and expensive. He is a gray



EL MOROCCO INTERIOR reflects glads elements—Club is one of few where men celebration near wall away from dance floor to escape attention of public. Persons claims that lighting in club is flattering to women guests. Rena stripes have become trademark

haired and reasonably handsome in the European fashion. His mannerisms are quick, nervous and even jerky. He talks fast and often excitedly. He obviously possesses physical energy in measurable volume. He is gregarious, likes high life, and is not averse to joining his croons in topping the wine bottle. He owns several foreign cars in the past saved them himself, and he is a gentleman farmer who gets an annual joy out of growing things from the soil. He is 34 years old.

Norman Billingsley is a well-made millionaire from East Oklahoma. He wears solid color suits of conservative, almost ubiquitous cut. He is now nearly bald and handsome like the model in the successful businessmen ads in hand magazines. His mannerisms are deliberate. His walk and talk are controlled and slow. His manner usually suggests that he is tired, or even exhausted. Although one of the most famous hosts in epicurean history, he is not gregarious and usually is remote even with his masses of long-standing. His close friends are few. His hobbies fewer. He is a gentleman farmer who for years has been thoroughly bored with his farm and wishes he could unload it. He has the veteran saloon manager's wariness toward alcohol and randy drinks. He is 34 years old.

The habits, histories and thinking of the two men are as divergent as their personalities. First for their habits.

Perkins duly keeps what he rather wishfully refers to as his "thinking hours." This means that he is awake, dressed, and on his feet in time to take



THOUGH 100 often gather at night, 3 Story morning is usually a sobering, early. Billingsley used to sing his ink vision program directly from one of upper floors of building to crowd.



CLUB ROOM is 3 Story's greatest asset. Comfort, reserved, for special guests who are either celebrities or personal friends of Billingsley. Room is closely guarded by waiter.



GLAMOUR GIRLS have always been catered to by Billingsley, who likes to decorate his room with ladies. He used many of them on his television show, which is now off the air. One entire floor of building is taken up by celebrities and friends for food.



TOMMY MCNEVILLE, much discussed playboy, is one of many celebrities who make back their personal night headquarters.



CHINESE IMPORTER H. L. Hoich and his wife, Marion, sometimes typify wealthy guests always seen snugly at El Morocco.



PARTY OF FASHIONISTS including author Ernest Hemingway and wife, Mr. Lehm Hayward, sponsor Tracy, George Bond and guests at Lehm Hayward, join at back drink.



JOAN CRAWFORD gets invited Mame "into the back" at the back and represented by gift of perfume by sister Billingsley.



MARY HOOVER ROMANCES get stuck at a back. Here Elizabeth Taylor holds lunch with her first husband, Conrad Hilton Jr.

an active personal part in buying and selling stocks at his brokerage. He never appears at his office until after the stock market has closed for the day. Even then he finds many distractions to keep his mind from the business of El Morocco. He may spend the late afternoon and dinner hour sitting for a portrait by Salvador Dali. He may go for a spin in some new foreign car he owns. Or, if some exciting news story is in progress, he may merely stay home and listen to one of dozens of radios which are on every table and that surface in his New Jersey home. There are, incidentally, no known telephones in his Jersey home. The caller who phones Forman at El Morocco in the late afternoon is usually told to call back "after nine o'clock tonight." El Morocco, of course, does not open for either lunch or cocktails. It is purely a supper club.

Billingsley gets up later or earlier, according to the whim of the day, but from the moment he opens his eyes his every thought and act concerns the Stock Club. Today he may be at his club for lunch—when the place opens for business—or he may not be in until after dark. (Continued on page 44)

ARE EUROPEAN SINGERS SEXIER?

MONIQUE VAN DEER
FN has sexy, voluptuous-
look, whether appearing
through television screens
or on glamorous stages.



Belgium's busty entry in chantage stakes demonstrates why
continental canaries soo so much more sexily than our own breed.

By Mort Cooper

IN THE FLUSH, erotic star-band
cultural world that is found in the
nation's better hostesses patronized
by the upper brackets, a most pleasant
institution has blossomed out in our
generation known as the chantage.
To the top-haired poetry and even the
beardless-shaped deviates who lost

the tub at these swank rooms, the
chantage is supposed to represent a
bit of nostalgia from the old world,
a chunk of the continent imported to
our shores without benefit of screen
spray.

But the goats who keep back in
these hotel halls of society know better.





SAUCY AND PROVOCATIVE. Manique professes she's not naughty whether on her knees or posing for chaste-but-naughty photos like this one on coming film, "Martin & Lewis In Paris."



IN TELEVISION REGULARLY. Manique plays roles of temptress in this show and must bring type-out in that role with or without clothes (right), once placed in *Theresa May*.

To them the word *chanteuse* can be spelled in three letters: sex. For over the years they have learned that the young ladies from foreign shores who come to our ballads to our hotel patrons symbolize a huge interest that adds up to the lowest common denominator in mankind. They can see in the response to these actresses something far different than what happens when our own nation brand of *vaudeville* belts out a pop tune.

It is not necessarily that the foreign ladies are more attractive or prettier but rather that they know how to project a certain quality that adds up to that eternal quality known as sex appeal. The *chanteuses* are so practiced on these shores by a succession of film *dames* such as Edith Piaf, Patachou, Genevieve, Jacqueline Francœur, adds up to a kind of parody, so to speak. It is the difference between a boulevard and a bedroom.

And well-bred cartoonists in the ultraviolet spots across the nation love it as a welcome relief from the hypocrisy of the likes of Kay Starr and Theresa Brewer. This desire to enjoy the continental style of singing and associated love has brought a variety of imports





DECORATING SWIMMING POOL when playing night club engagements at Las Vegas Thunderhead Hotel, Monique knows just how to pose for publicity photos draped only in sweat. She recently played in "Kismet," has starred in TV productions on Studio One

across the waters, who are enjoying a full measure of prosperity on the night club circuits.

A case in point is a husky Belgian named Monique Van Vleet, who is not particularly a 1950 better when it comes to voice but who can just stand in a room and count sex. Whether the customers ever hear what she sings is questionable but whatever it is that she has, the patrons from the Moulinette in New York to the Moulinette in Hollywood love it.

And Monique knows it. She is absolutely crazy—as the hip set would say—but like a Belgian too.

Sitting in her Manhattan living room and cuddling Foody, her white poodle ("He doesn't have any bone attachments," she tells me, "but then after all he's only a dog"), wit and refined suggestiveness roll off her tongue without the slightest hint of having been rehearsed. Instead of meeting a gorgeous but dumb show-girl who happened to be professionally lucky, one finds himself face to face with a gorgeous but extremely intelligent and sensitive young lady.

Monique's star has never been so high as it is today and if she is able to count herself in a third of the actress which have come to her since her occasional bit at the St. Regis Muequette, there's little doubt that she can become the hottest item in show business. She kids her own singing and dancing, but she knows how to arrange herself on a stage or at a table. Her face is exquisite. Her 40-25-35 build, texture is for real. She speaks English, French, Italian, Finnish and German, and can be funny and sexy in all of them.

Her answers to provocative questions are her own, not press agents'. "I love color by the spectral (does that make me a nerd?)—but only black, orange, and only if it matches my entire look, shorts which must also be black. I can't stand yellow diamonds, but I enjoy rubies in all colors. I used to have the hobby of collecting diamonds, by the way. Kind people gave them to me. Usually very kind people—I called that hobby my *Beadles For Belgium* campaign."

There's certainly nothing else about the blonde Belgian beauty's work at a table. Her guests are usually white and tight, the better to not only display a classically voluptuous body from the front but to display, when she gets fairly frisky. (Continued on page 46)



IN FRENCH MOYIE, Monique was allowed to display a lot more of her talents than on Hollywood appearances. She posed about in "Sous le Vent" in less and more, got favorable notices for beauty. She appeared in three French films.



OUTDOOR GIRL displays her bodacious torso: Monique enjoys pool in Las Vegas. She likes Vegas dives to enjoy swimming.



FURS AND SATIN SHEETS are favorites of Monique who had 12-minute TV show nights in New York. Interviewing stars.

HOW TO RUN A NIGHT CLUB AND MAKE MONEY



By presenting strippers in class atmosphere, including a tropical storm every hour, serving best food in any U.S. club and charging reasonable prices, Warren St. Thomas makes a highly-profitable business out of his Tropics cabaret.

By Jacques Surlaff

TEN YEARS AGO a dapper, energetic young man still in his twenties brought a quarter million dollars to the mid-high city of Denver and procured that within six weeks he would turn a flourishing neighborhood tavern into Colorado's plushiest night club. He hired 68 men to work all day, every day, paid them time and a half after 4:30 and double time on Sundays. In 100 days, hardly more time than it took to create the earth, that property on

Morrison Road was demolished and re-created as the Tropics.

Almost at once—with the considerable help of experienced business know-how gamblers, not the least of which was to sense just how to present strip dancers effectively in a class atmosphere—the Tropics became and has remained the most beautiful, popular and successful club in the entire Rocky Mountain area.



TROPICS OWNER WARREN ST. THOMAS enjoys playing with alligators before they are fed in Alligator House of night club. Customers usually gather round to see alligators fed expensive \$11 worth of goldfish daily in room with streamer-like decor.



SALLY RAND has been regular favorite at Tropics since its opening. She is probably ablest stripper to perform in city.



WHORAY FRENCH was striking import from New Orleans. Refused was presented as "tallest there ever on Bourbon Street."

The fellow responsible for this success in a jiffy was Warren St. Thomas, a high-toned man whose career has included successful charting as a Navy lieutenant, con man, and running an amusement park concession. A tall and relaxed, easy guy whose brain percolates new ideas continuously, he has never entered any project with half a heart or with the remotest doubts of instantaneous success.

Overnight St. Thomas became night club king of Denver. And he did it while defying the set rules followed by saloons all over the country. He has consistently presented top names at his club—but not singers, comics or dancers. Rather, he stars have all been strippers.

Nowhere in the world are strippers featured in as plush a club as the Tropics. And nowhere does an upper-bracket crowd of celebrities come to watch them perform. St. Thomas is especially proud of the caliber of customers who visit his saloon—Elmer Morris, Marilyn Monroe, Harry James, Fred Waring. Denver judges and members of the state legislature. Normally these people would not go out of their way to see a burlesque show, but they do come to see the equivalent of such shows at the Tropics. "The secret is simple," St. Thomas explains. "Just have a setting of show if you want a night-club pickup. Sure, our shows are vulgar, new and then when we have headliners like Ricki Carver or Do May the show runs pretty high. But I've yet to hear a woman customer complain of being offended by a show here. Maybe it's because we never stop working to keep the Tropics a mixture of earthy fun and the height of taste in decor and management."

And St. Thomas does have all that.

In what other club, for instance, which demands neither cover charge nor minimum (except a stupendous half dollar on Saturday nights), can you see tropical scenes,



EDWINA AND ELAINE, the popular girl and age act, which always draws customers. Owner St. Thomas draws top local clubs.



UNUSUAL EARTH ACTS are sought to excite St. Thomas and Indian stripper De May conforms to her exotic demands.



BLONDE BURLESQUE BATHER, Pat Nelson is regular feature at least once a year at Tropics. Her act fits in with tropical concepts.

counting of electrical illusions, scenic effects, and real water disappearing into drains and containers that appear to be fountains?

The Tropics has real palm trees. There are six foot coconut palms (which St. Thomas makes himself) lining the walk. There is an Alligator Basin, a very special feature which boasts light black walls, a design that is carried out and lit up with strong black lights. Modernistic, sword-looking trees are fixed up in steel. Built into the floor is a long runway jet containing two live alligators. In keeping with the exotic atmosphere, the alligators are fed gobbish ten expensive dinner which costs the management \$15 per feeding.)

During the summer, a large sliding glass wall opens onto an outdoor dance floor and garden.

Inside the club, the hydraulic stage lifts to any height up to ten feet and on this stage, throughout the year, the best-known strippers appear. Any night a headline poster is grinding, winding, rotating and bumping—and at popular prices, too.

Despite a huge staff, St. Thomas personally oversees

everything that goes on from the evening's opening till its close. "Denver was ready for a volcano club when I came on the scene," he says. "That means a club that offers everything a woman could imagine, and at prices that wouldn't send him away screaming into the night. I believe in serving something that doesn't stunk of top quality, and of selling that quality at moderate prices. A customer who comes to the Tropics always returns because he knows he's going to have the time of his life, without being robbed in the bargain."

What constitutes the time of one's life? St. Thomas obviously has the answer, because in the ten years his doors have been open, he has had a steady and overflowing patronage. Wisely, he has throughout the United States unassailably show up at the Tropics as they pass through the West, to study this remarkable success story and to see how they too might prosper.

Since strippers like to work the beautiful Denver spot because St. Thomas is at the helm, which means they are guaranteed of getting limitless production cooperation. Twelve West the \$20,000 Transman Chase who played the



HIGHEST SALARY ever paid a stripper was given to Evelyn West when she performed her "10,000 Treasure Chest" at Warren's most picturesque night club

FAVORITE CLUB of Evelyn West, Tropics is also preferred by other strippers because of excellent production facilities and fine lighting at lavish Denver hotel



PERFORMING AT DICK'S on club is Donna St. Thomas, attractive wife of owner. Couple has daughter, big swimming pool

Tropics monthly and he exceeded the business brought in by Sally Rand, Tempest Storm, Currie Funnell and Bo Woy (all Tropics regulars), is especially laudatory of him.

Warren is not a subconductor or a strip joint owner. He is a creative artist who might have been an outstanding designer, painter or architect, but who happens to run the world's most exciting night club. He's the exotic dancer's dream. He's a master showman.

"He doesn't just provide a stage for a dancer, he sees to it that she has everything in the way of special lighting that will make for a better performance. He designed the stage and lighting system in such a way that a performer is able to be seen by everyone in the large room—an incidental fact that makes some performers hesitate about playing other clubs. But there's never any hesitation when the Tropics summons."

While patrons watch the routines of four strippers who appear nightly, and watch in an atmosphere lark with luxury, they also eat what some professional cheerers have called the best food to be found in an American club. St. Thomas doesn't bother with the standard chow mein and





OUTDOOR PATIO at club has dance floor where couples can enjoy moon under stars. With steel members, it is an excellent set

glorified hamburgers which some of the most elegant patrons feel free to scorn. He loans his chicken with champagne and prepares his lunch as flaming swords.

The steaks he sells deserve some special comment. He carefully ages them, then broils them over hot ceramic rocks. The ceramic arrangement consists of ordinary gas burners placed under volcanic rocks which get red hot like charcoal and hold their heat. The steaks are broiled over these rocks on steel bars and served in fire proofed from



ENTRANCE LOBBY of Tropics has comfortable water-type chairs where patrons can enjoy drink at coffee table while waiting

their own fat. It's a complicated process but a rewarding one. Unlike a large percentage of club owners, St. Thomas plays up rather than hides the fact that he sells food.

Semi-classical and laughter pants artists have played the Tropics and have gone over well but, St. Thomas admits, "It cost me a lot of money to learn that the public prefers the strip tease. I give it to them, along with good food, drinks, and an exciting background, and they keep coming back for more." (Continued on page 47)



LEOPARDESKIN OUTFITS are worn by waitresses at Tropics. Much of doing is, also done in latex stripes. St. Thomas has big turn over of patrons with as many as four shows nightly. He also presents a show on Sunday afternoons at 5 charges no minimum or cover



"She made the mistake of crossing her fingers instead of her legs!"



DANCE TEAM of Lopez and Rejany do gyras number in which he helps the costume of Concha. She finishes her dance solo.



MANAGER Juan Antonio Garcia has run Shanghai for 24 years, claims it is only place in world where stag movies are shown publicly

THE WORLD'S RAWEST BURLESQUE SHOW



GIRLS OF ALL NATIONALITIES, shapes and sizes work in Shanghai. In some cases, girls assume costumes behind glass, like traditional burlesque, and then strip forward.

Somewhere you could see as risqué and racy a show as in Havana, where patrons see combined stag movies and strip tease.

By Jay Madrin

FOR A LONG TIME, Havana has enjoyed the reputation of being the sexiest city in the Western Hemisphere. To nearly everyone—and Americans especially—her main commodities have been men, cigars and women.

But the Americans expecting to find the ultimate in wickedness in Havana will be disappointed in at least one respect. The famed capital of Latin love has only one burlesque house. It is the Shanghai Theatre, located appropriately enough in Chinatown, among the narrow winding streets of old Havana.

But if it's worth it to members, Cuban burlesque more than makes up for it in punch. There is probably nothing—including the riviest of Russian shows—that is quite as risqué as the peculiar combination of hard-core stunts, sexy dances and stag movies that make up the Shanghai bill.

There have been other burlesque houses in the city, but over the years they have succumbed to the onslaught of the law. The Shanghai, however, continues to operate and pack 'em in every night as it has for the past 24 years.

"We close only for revolutions," says Juan Carlos Garcia, a portly, affable fellow with a big nose and the coloring of a syndicate boss, including lockers. He has managed the house since it opened. "We aren't bothered by anything else," he says, smiling as he fingers his diamond stockings.

A shabby, hulking building on Zanja Street, between Marquero and Carvajaleras, the theater was originally built as a house for oriental drugs. In spite of a large Chinese population, the set soon fell on evil days, however, and the theater changed hands to become a burlesque hall. Seats range in price from 65 cents for a bench in the



TRADITIONAL RHUMBA is also part of Shanghai show, but always winds up with strip act that leaves dancers shivering. G-string.



HOY (14-15) at Shanghai has signs in English which advertise: "Nude dancers with 2 beautiful girls. Best naked models."

February to \$1.25 for a stupendous chair. Inside, the house is surprisingly large. It seats 750-800 on the main floor and 650 on the balcony.

The audience is almost entirely male. It's a rare occasion in more ways than one when a curious visitor appears on the arm of an escort to see the show.

Groups of society women do however occasionally don masks and watch the proceedings from boxes discreetly staged along the side of the house.

But everyone is much more comfortable when there are no ladies in the audience. This is not so much a deficiency, but because unaccompanied Americans seldom have had to be carried from the house to a semidivorcement man after seeing part of the show. Just the same, Garcia sees to it that when a woman does come, she is treated with due respect.

"This is a nice place," he says. "We never have any trouble with the tourists. They like it very much, and we are happy to have them."

The rest of the audience—in that the major portion—is native to the probably cosmopolitan Indian of Havana. Any night the house will be filled with Chinese, Spanish, Negro, Cuban and a half-dozen other nationality groups, and from all strata of society. "Everybody in Havana knows the Shanghai," Garcia says proudly. "And everybody comes here."

What they find is a show that is unique among even the most unusual Havana entertainments. The program is a combination of American law. (Continued on page 44)



COMIC BELATES backstage with some of Shanghai's Chinese—who have tendency to be very fond like many of Cuba's girls.



"For some reason or other, they bill me as a double feature."

THE GREAT ALL-AMERICAN



First made by a Kentucky
reverend, native wine
of blue grass state has
become favorite drink
of nation but still is
a proud tradition in land
of corn and colonels.



INSTITUTION OF BOURBON



By Harry Ransford

BOURBON is an all-American institution of native corn, ripe and wheat sprouted barley, thoroughbred yeast and limestone water, plus skill, experience and some special and intricate equipment. In a glass of this amber ambrosia there lurks grandeur, reverence, achievement and American history that will never be forgotten. It has been that way since the first bourbon was made by the Reverend Elijah Craig of Georgetown, Kentucky in 1789.

It became the favorite tipple of two famous Danzels—Walter and Boone. It was imbibed by Davy Crockett, Henry Clay, and a host of robust men in every walk of life: statesmen, explorers, soldiers and orphans, industrial leaders and educators, to say nothing of prominent members of the clergy.

Bourbon's originator, the Reverend Craig, was a deeply religious man. He hated the economy, waste that he observed in Kentucky, which grew enormous crops of fire corn that lacked transportation. Kentucky needed markets for its native produce, he knew. The abundant corn fattened the droves of hogs and from these was procured what was—and is—about the finest salt-cured ham

in the world, so good that currently they rival the famous Smithfield hams of Virginia. But the market for both hams and corn was a purely local one. And the corn was difficult to transport in bulk. If the corn could be reduced in volume, it would be easier to transport.

The Reverend Elijah did some deep thinking, came up with the idea of distilling a whiskey, which he decided to call Bourbon after a county in Kentucky. He overbooked the main asset in the proposed venture, limestone water. An abundance of it spurts from hillholes and it is so strongly infused with limestone that it is slightly milky. It proved to be ideal in making bourbon. The mash was cooked in it, it was used to cool the corn and stills, and it imparted an unappreciated smoothness to the distillate. As the Reverend Elijah looked over the land again, though, he discovered another asset that was convenient and cheap—an abundance of white ash for the staves needed to make the charred barrels in which the whiskey could be stored, aged and related to a deep water.

His venture took on stature because prosperity, naturally, others followed suit, and soon there were more

distilleries in operation in Kentucky. The whiskey was aged according to the whim of the early distillers, sold in kegs and barrels to saloons and general stores. The distillers gave the buyers bottles in which to draw off the whiskey for what we now call self-servicing consumption.

The ugly kind of competition became visible and chronic for purity, age and consistency were made and matched with great readiness by various distillers. Saloons of the distillers were not without good. They invariably carried a pocket of run 10-penny nuts and it was their wont to slip a few of them into the barrels of bourbon made by a competitor. Presently, customers would swallow a dipperful of bourbon from their favorite barrel, clutch their thumbs and scream and cry that they had been poisoned. Bourbon, it seemed, became unstable liquid when exposed to iron.

At such times, the owner of the establishment where the tragedy occurred would pour himself a dipper of bourbon and take a healthy slug. To the horror of the proprietor, he discovered that the victims had not been fooled. They certainly had a devoted presence. Another keg or barrel from the same distillery was opened, free drinks were served and the bourbon was pronounced perfect. Saloon owners and stockholders took a long time to discover the cause of the trouble, and by this time, the practice had become general.

In spite of crude distillation methods bourbon finally became the native wine of Kentucky. It was made elsewhere, in fact almost any place where corn would grow, where the springs gushed the famous limestone water, but there was a concentration in Kentucky. The concentration is as simple as Detroit being the car center of the world and Akron becoming the tire kingdom.

Bourbon became an integral part of the social life of Kentucky. Wherever it was consumed, it was respected and held in high esteem. Common parlance of a fascinating blend of bourbon and fruit juices were common features at the grand balls, the gay parties held in city mansions, the hospitable plantation houses.

The hard breakfast became a tradition of the period. The yards of plantation houses were filled with stamping horses, with women correctly habited, gracious and lovely, full of sparkle and life—with tall lean men whose ruling taste had a dull gleam, who were correct and polite.

Two things featured the hard breakfast. There were glasses of whiskey neat, composed of bourbon as a starter, for thus was before the day of orange and vegetable juices. There would be a oat and molasses baked ham on the sideboard, a Negro slave who dined a paper thin. There would be trays of butter biscuits, seeds of honey and home-made jam, eggs any way the guests preferred them. It was a leisurely meal, a dignified repast, eaten standing up, for the tight breeches of the men made it difficult for them to sit down. There would be a final cup of coffee and the conventional day would

end in a nap. Outside the restaurant boards would issue there were no eager competitors, the rubber horses would protest. All mounted the departing guests would take a sturpup cup of good bourbon. There would be a cluster of horses, the coach of the ship from the master of the local brands and the hunt was officially launched. Youks!

It is said that Kentucky had—and still has—a plethora of colts and not a few of whom had been raised by an act of the legislature, or named by the governor, an honorary title. The traditional colt was a spare old man. He sported a white goatee of distinguished age, his apparel was neat, he was always prepared lounging on the pillared porch of a country plantation, gazing with deep satisfaction across slope leaved fields of blue grass in which grazed thoroughbred colts, their ardent mothers. The picture of ease he relaxed almost continuously sipping beer and moon from a frosted silver mug of stout piping.

And well he might have for the Kentucky julep is a thing apart. The method has come down through the ages without change. It is simple to make and it has great virtues. Ducks were fought by Kentucky gentlemen against Virginians, the natives of Tennessee, Marylanders and others who clung to an alien school of thought as to what they believed to be a proper ceremonial julep.

A Kentucky Senator was invited to a dinner in Washington at the home of a famous hostess. He was offered a julep, tasted it and his face turned a fiery red, and he choked a little. He hastily excused himself, left the party muttering about the sheer excess of anyone who tried so unsuccessfully to duplicate the true Kentucky julep. A man of firm conviction, he repeated all further invitations to the house, regarded it as off bounds for any true Kentuckian.

The true son of Kentucky is a self-appointed judge of good bourbon. He can't be fooled, for this is an inherited vision as a rule. He knows, for example, that bottled-in-bond is not a guarantee of goodness, but of alcoholic strength. It is a government designation meaning that in addition to being a true bourbon distilled at the proper proof, aged in the right kind of barrels, it has been kept in those barrels for a minimum of 4 years, not more than 6 years. It is whiskey that must be the product of one distillery, and made in the fall or spring of the same year.

It must be bottled at 160 proof, no more, no less.

The judge of bourbon bases his firm opinions on the following:

- (1) The head
- (2) The ring
- (3) The empty glass
- (4) The palm
- (5) The sip

The judge will take a bottle of bourbon, shake it gently, delightfully watch the bubbles rise and break. The richer the head, the longer it will last.

In his ring, a goblet is partially filled with bourbon, the glass is slowly twirled between the palms, forcing the whiskey up along the sides. The glass is then held stationary. The drinkers will gaze, slowly (continued on page 80)





"Lucky dog, she's collecting workmen's compensation. She backed into a missing platter!"



COMPARISONS of Marilyn Monroe to late movie star Joan Crawford are revived by vintage bookshop owner Jane Winton (right), who claims that she looks more like her famous aunt. 20th Century-Fox studio is planning to make film biography of Joan Crawford next year with Marilyn playing the sexy screen star who died in her 30's.

JUNE HARLOW NAKED AMAZON

I STRIPPED AT 16

By June Harlow

I STARTED stripping when I was 16 years old.

People sometimes look shocked when I tell them that. They wonder how a "mere child," as they call me, could even think in her teens of making her living as a stripper. They wonder what effect it had on my morals. And then they shake their heads in disbelief even more when they learn that my aunt was the famous movie star, Jean Harlow, and that I began stripping at 16 because I figured that was the easiest way to follow in her footsteps in show business.

And then the final crusher comes when they find out that I got married when I was 17—and that my husband

Niece of famed movie platinum blonde tells how she started in burlesque at early age because those are girl's 'best years.'

IN FRONT OF MARQUEE at Chicago theater where she is featured, June Harlow displays beauty that resembles her famed aunt, late star Jean Harlow

CABARET



QUEEN OF THE NIGHTS

June Harlow

The dream of following
her own path to fame and
becoming Hollywood star





IN PHOTO STUDIO, Jane proves excellent model as well as talented stripper. She has had hot parts in several movies, including "Twelve Mile Road" and "City That Never Sleeps."



LONG SLENDER legs and deeply toned were developed by Jane after long pole-dancing days. She likes to act as glamorous girl (below) even when she goes to bed after long night's stage work.



is a brother of famed baseball great Joe DiMaggio.

I guess that it all does add up to something startling to people who live a sheltered life. But as far as I'm concerned, I don't regret any of it for one little minute. In fact I'm very happy that I started stripping when I was "sweet sixteen," a time when some girls just start dating. My early start means that I haven't wasted any of my "best years."

And certainly a girl has her "best years" and that applies particularly to strippers. Today a girl is old in stripping by the time she is 25. If she hasn't made it by then, she might as well give up. Sure, there are some who last longer—girls like Carrie Finelli or Gypsy Rose Lee or Sally Rand. But they aren't making it any more on what they show but rather how they show it—or what's left of it.

They are the exceptions that prove the rule. For the ordinary girl, the best years are the young years when you don't have to worry about stretch, sag or slump.

They're the years when you have your greatest appeal for audiences, and believe me, unless you're a Gypsy or a Carrie, you haven't got a chance when you lose that. Starting early has brought me to the point where today, at 32, I am the youngest featured performer in burlesque. I have my whole career before me, and I'm already half way up the ladder.

I have plenty of time to make it the rest of the way to the top. I don't



JUNE TAKES TO FIERCELY BREKERS in her speeches. Two contrasting motifs are presented in *American Beauty*: the manner in which she is clad in your costume and those fresh tears in evidence. In another she does not dance (left). "I try to portray something in my numbers," she says. "I don't just come out and take off all my clothes, just for the sake of being undressed."



IT'S DRESSING. Jane puts on a show, too. Jane believes girl should learn how to undress gracefully before husband and practice the art herself.



PREPARING BREAKFAST for husband is regular share for Jane. Her marriage to Anthony Delaglie combined two famous families—the baseball DeMogges and the acting Harbors.



HELPING HAND with dressing is given Jane by hubby before she goes on stage. He never forgets all circumstances for her strip show act in movie theaters.



READY FOR STAGE ENTRANCE. Jane makes her way up stairway from basement dressing room at Folies Theatre in Chicago, where she was headliner.

have it. I'll last beyond 25, but by that time I hope I won't have to worry about it. I'll have it made.

No, I don't regret starting early at all, and my advice to any girl who is thinking of show business as a career would be: start early.

How does a girl get started as a stripper at the age of 16? That's not an easy one to answer for other girls, but I can tell how it happened to me.

My aunt was the late, Jean Harlow, who is still famous as the most beautiful movie star of the 1930's, and the original "platinum blonde." Aunt Jean died—old movie patterning, not in an airplane crash, as many people think—just a year before I was born. I never knew her personally, and it is one of the greatest regrets of my life that her personality was constantly present throughout my childhood. My relatives talked about her a lot, and every so often someone would look at me and say, "Little Jean takes after her aunt. When she grows up, she'll probably follow in her footsteps."

Then they would turn to me and say, "How would you like to be a big movie star, honey?"

There was never any question in my mind what I was going to be when I grew up. I was going to be a big movie star just like Aunt Jean. It's an ambition I still cherish, and one that I am constantly working to achieve.

As time passed, however, it became pretty plain that there was one big catch in my ambitions about show business. To put it bluntly, I grew up fat and not at all pretty. Somewhere, my baby resemblance to Aunt Jean faded, and instead of her delicate features and slender limbs, I found myself with a round, unadorned face and pudgy figure.

I began to feel like an ugly duckling. The talk about my great career somehow faded out of the family conversation.

It didn't get any better when, at 13, I left home in Kansas City to go to live with my married sister in St. Louis. I began to feel desperate. School got less and less interesting. The future seemed hopeless.

Then one day I read an ad in the paper that said, "Girls Wanted—No Experience Necessary." It was put in by the manager of a show lounge on Chestnut Street in St. Louis, where I was living. So, I did the only thing I could see to do. I packed my bag, walked quietly out of the house, and went to him. (Continued on page 45)



WORKING IN SITIENES Jean likes to dance at the edge of stage and perform for each customer individually. "Night club work is exciting," she notes. "It offers more of a challenge than anything I've done." She started on shows here in St. Louis theater.



THEATRICAL has influenced Jean's taste. Jean Harlow, then selected Jean who likes to travel on road and on her home as lights in front of theaters.

BILL HALEY:



BILL HALEY beats out time on his guitar while saxophonist cracks up on beat to blow at one of his rock 'n' roll riffs.

HIGH PRIEST OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

While do-gooders shout he's fulfilling
sex urges with R & R cult, Bill insists
he just provides fun for youngsters.

By Leonard Bennett

WHAT "25 dollars" and "Oh you kid" were to the roaring 20's, such expressions as "See you later, alligator" and "After a while, crocodile" have become to the thirties, 50's. They are a product of the rock 'n' roll era, a cool, lustrous, wild fringe of erotic music that has the younger generation leaping about in delirium about any, homewards for the high priest of the cult, a cool, calculated gam warden Bill Haley who is bound to make a cool, calculated million before the rock 'n' roll craze dies.

There are those who believe rock 'n' roll is some kind of new phenomenon that is responsible for all the juvenile delinquents in the land. They are claiming that the 2 R's are replacing the 3 R's for teenagers.

Another crowd sees in rock 'n' roll the sinister hand of what they call the "integrationists," people who want to end the color line in the South. And in some parts of Illinois, pockets have actually patrolled outside halls where rock 'n' roll has been played.



VARIOUS FRACTIONS OF GIRL FANS to R & R is seen in these two girls, one almost about to try and other cheering and laughing hysterically in response to one of Bill Haley's last tunes.





SOFT CURL is exhibited by Bill Haley for correct appearance. Pairs which the change-between members are held out on table in his dressing room (right).—Times are conservative



WILD ANTICS OF HALSEY were brought down with a Mamie Dix censor, which blasted R & R as corrupt as "worm soup!"

But the time, when musicologists who follow the history of rhythm state very simply that rock 'n' roll is no more and no less than what it sounds like—good music. Actually its ancestry goes back through varying schools of jazz beginning with Dixieland and tracing its way through swing, bebop and rock. If anything, rock 'n' roll is basically a graduate school of swing with the same fundamental beat and even Bill Haley might admit that is precise.

But as the high priest of R & R, Haley refuses to talk much about his art, rather he practices what he won't preach. And as a practitioner of R & R, Haley is doing quite well, thank you.

In only two years time the Haley aggregation called the Comets has sold more than 2,000,000 records. Today R & R is the No. 1 music firm in the land, The Pan Allee analysts admit, in terms of record sales, and will likely go on being successful for at least another year.

Bill Haley is another dancer who even surprised that his records for Capitol Records, Comets' Shave's and Stafford's or that he and his gang, when they make personal appearances, are the hottest item in the music world today. Their "See You Later, Alligator" went over the 1,000,000 platter marker in less than two months. "Crazy, Man, Crazy" and "Shake, Rattle and Roll" also hit a million sales, and "Rock Around The Clock" passed two million.

They play to stadiums when they unleash their music, energy in theaters, night clubs, auditoriums and drive-ins. Their record success for Columbia Pictures "Rock Around The Clock," was shot in no time at all and at a relatively low budget but played 300 times and broke box office records in sales cities like Denver, Seattle, and Omaha. They were offered \$45,000 plus transportation costs for themselves and their families, to play 15 days in Australia. It's been estimated that if they worked they could work 60 weeks out of every 14. Their recording company, Decca, can't get their discs mailed to distributors fast enough.

What's made this music so big as it is? Professionals in the pop field have debated it, and (Continued on page 31)



LOOKING LIKE SOCIETY GIRL, in clothes or just draped in fur for poses, Brandy Martin proves a class performer whenever she steps



SOCIALITE STRIPPER..



MINX STOLE is part of costume on stage, and off

Brandy Martin emerged from same society set as Grace Kelly to become burlesque exotic.

By Arch Ames



PEELING BETWEEN SHOWS. Brandy displays charms that has made her Harold Martin's choice as one of top strippers.



ARTIST OF BATH. L'AMBALE is maintained by Brandy, even when wearing flimsy lingerie. She is well-proportioned (174-103).



LEDENGEER IN L'AMBALE. Brandy starts her act with sedate with modest steps to soft music. She often works as Mama.

BECAUSE her parents are comparatively-prominent Philadelphia socialites, Brandy Martin's name is as real as a twelve-dollar bill. But that's the only phony thing about this dignified ball of sex-stoked fire who, in just the past year, has become one of the hottest stars in burlesque—a strip tease with a high society background.

Brandy was about as socially prepared to become a professional stripper as Elton Freder was primed to study under a Rhodes scholarship. Born into wealth, Brandy's parents moved her from New York to Philadelphia when she was four years old.

"Our first house there had just about everything but a roof," Brandy recalls now. "It was enormous—mansion, high and wide, quite beautiful and a little frightening. I was privately tutored till I was twelve years old, then my parents enrolled me in a private school in New Jersey. I must have been about sixteen or seventeen before it really occurred to me that there might be girls my own age somewhere in the world who didn't have all the material comforts they wanted."

Living on the Main Line, however, did give Brandy the basic essentials of the exotic number that she does currently on the burlesque circuit. She has that exotic thing



DROPPING SOPHISTICATION, Brandy also drops her gown and becomes an unabashed stripper when bumps run with the lion.

called than when she starts removing her clothes. Tall and perfectly proportioned at 33-43-35, Brandy personifies the usual physical graces that are the trademarks of her current trade but leaves the feeling that somehow or other she's different. And certainly she is.

This Philadelphia story has a happy ending but it was not that story at the start.

The girl who now bumps and grinds out a living confesses she never felt quite relaxed about making a social star with that silver spoon which had been born in her mouth. Not unlike Grace Kelly's father Jack, who'd started life as a laborer and had worked for his millions, Brandy's father had been poor and had made a fortune within a little more than a year by parlaying some borrowed money into a stock and bond empire. The Martins (as Brandy asks us to call them here) had as much or more money than their Pennsylvania neighbors, but they were not fully brought into the blue book category until Brandy's industrious mother took over and vowed that her daughter was not going to be snubbed by the other families of wealth simply because Papa — like Jack Kelly — had not rathered his anonymity.

Determined that Brandy would (Continued on page 46)





"Amazing rhythm haven't they?"

glamour gab

By Morton Cooper

FOREIGN COMMISSIONER, Jeanne Lee, just back from the Orient, reports that people there have no talent and little to show. She told a newsmen in Tokyo: "They don't know corsets! They just come out on stage and say how it is." Between bumps Jeanne is trying to organize an amateur dancers' softball team.

The most popular belly-dancer in Egypt is a girl named Bada, whose American impresarios have been trying to export Bada who performs with her own troupe of vocal acrobats, each of whom she personally trained, except she's happier where she's doing her belly rolls now.

By latest count there are now 112 strippers operating in Paris. Perhaps the odddest number, in Paris or anywhere else, is the girl who comes out dressed in women's black and proceeds to urinate to funeral music. . . .

△△△

TV TOPICS, NBC has long had a ban on anything resembling bumps and grinds on its television network but Elva Presley has been getting away with it on a variety of shows. However, the lady suddenly finally caught up with her after he appeared on the Milton Berle show. Elva has been told to keep police under control under TV cameras or she will be hauled. . . . One New York newspaper critic wrote after Presley's TV show: "Baroque hound-dog Georgia Southern really deserves equal time to reply in grating loud." . . . Walter Winchell will have a night club of his own on television this Fall. It'll be on the NBC network and consist of top acts from show business that the columnist himself will pick.

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SHIRAZ STEVE, For the first time, Hollywood film production code has shaped music in a movie. The arty picture, "The Naked Eye" is about the art of photography and includes extensive scenes of total nudity, some of which by internationally famous photographer Edward Weston. . . . Musicals movie operations have come up with a new gimmick to attract customers. Because the local newspapers have been so stingy in reviewing

movie ads that feature sex, the local houses have gone out of their way to advertise show films as for adults only. The result has been a big increase in business. . . . Cleo Mason, who has spent most of her adult life playing a dumb blonde in the movies, has finally decided she's had enough. She's kissed off Columbia Pictures and issued the declaration of independence: "A blonde has to be a lot smarter than a brunette because she has to go through life proving how dumb she isn't." . . . Two Broadway musicals are set for filming. The long delayed "Can-Can" will star Helen Hayes and Maurice Chevalier.

MGM is doing "Sally Gooding," also by Cole Porter with Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse.

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PERFORMING, Great Mervyn Anderson, who says he wrote "Rum and Coca Cola" ("And I've got the law made to prove it") is currently killing many audiences with his impersonation of James Cagney—all on Yiddish.

. . . Paterson, N.J.'s Steak 'N' Frit will serve only two Perseus to a customer. It means the house not only made you a hypothetical fast but its taste is a sex attraction. And quite legal, too. . . .

Nat King Cole opens at the Coconut

Crown in Los Angeles on Sept. 3 for three weeks—a first for him. Days, too a counter with Lana Turner and Van Johnson in a Ben Hecht picture at MGM. . . . Club business in Manhattan, now picking up, because suddenly, and unaccountably, had this Spring. The only time the ropes were up was when two club houses litigated themselves.

Out in Las Vegas they're making a new claim for slot machines: it's the only thing that can stand with its back to the wall and defy the whole world.

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REMEMBER NOW, The Crossin, better than their records not only here in the States but also in South Africa (she knows, having been signed for personal appearance early in 1955 when that city celebrates its 70th anniversary).

Remember Arthur Tracy, The Street Singer? With \$5,000,000 from real estate, he's gone from singing on streets to buying streets. He's recording again, now for Columbia—this time as a belter. . . . "Edie Fitzgerald Sings The Cole Porter Songbook" tops the sales of anything Ella's done yet and is expected to outsell all other record albums in 1956.

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DEMPHASTER, Maybe it's a counter movement to the increasing number of Rimpson strippers in burlesque. Now there's a modest peppy swirling around the current. She's a Mexican girl named Almodova, who's just about waist high to the average man or woman but fast as the wind.

Earlyn West is now booked solid for the next two months—an unheard-of feat among the strip set. . . . From Mervyn's third row center, Ben Gable is a singer for Mervyn. . . . The most famous underwear yet comes from a Nevada critic who suggested that tall, terrific Betty Howard does not have much upstairs. Our official answer: Buddy, have you looked at her sinews lately? . . . Portia Lutz Gibson of the Wedge in Philadelphia, is the late prefer to men legs. She's now introducing a season of summer stock, having established a box office record as the current girl in that straitjacket personal, "White Cargo."



THE WORLD'S RAWEST BURLESQUE SHOW

(Continued from page 22)

mean. (Loud) Fades. (Rings) Cuban boxer from Havana. (Loud) and ring guards the world around.

The curtain slowly a hollers from the *Acrobatic* Chinese dance, opens to reveal a stage filled with girls. Tall, short, skinny fat, light, dark, they pose on a series of plinths, modestly dressed in shorts and leotards.

The orchestra strikes up a fast theme. The girls break their poses into a rhythmic line and advance, ending in the stage again. There they do a little back behind, under a ring and shift their line, changing them completely as they step back to the rear of the stage.

With a tremendous fanfare from the orchestra, the curtain sweeps close. The orchestra begins another tune. The curtain re-opens to discover the girls, now made still, each with her hand modestly with a pistol. Once again they advance, twirling the pistol, and doing a series of elaborate maneuvers that parody the Raton City dance line. Then, suddenly, the ladies all hold up their parrots and stand completely motionless.

Blackout. Fades. Curtain.

The next act displays alternates through the show with three other main attractions. Of these, the second is doubtless the worst of semi-spectacular dance done by Greta Lugo and Alfred Hansen. The pair start around the stage while Hansen systematically strips the fat Greta in G-string and leotard. Then, in a side act, the ladies appear altogether.

Blackout. Fades. Curtain.

Occasionally, as an encore, the lights and curtain close up to reveal the nutty shaped choruses in another nude tableau for an encore.

Told in the hall is one of a series of Blackout skits which are almost impossible for the lazzies to understand, but despite the naive audience men's confusion of laughter. Almost any Fourth, American or Cuban work that can be put and called to make a new "book" is given for straight Hansen Lugo.

Caricatures, sketches, a boy's first visit to a beauty parlor, burlesque, and the most grotesque of all acts are typical themes. All of the playlets are liberally sprinkled with topical references, college all, all his own words. Frequently the players who double, triple, and even quadruple in roles through the evening, do the making of famous scenes or television acts.

Typical of the house is a popular skit on visiting a bar and a girl in a restaurant. The two sit at a table table, the waiter appears and pulls a pair of menus from his pocket.

The two men where the tablecloth is With a word the waiter pulls down, before opening napkins out of his pocket and over the table. After some discussion of the menu, the girl orders coffee. Out comes a cup and a pot and the coffee is poured back and forth. "So, wait, right here in the lap pocket sugar? Yep, in a bottle from the pocket breast pocket."

Where, then, asks the girl, in the room? The waiter leaves nothing to the imagination in answering this one.

Comparing with the few statements are the caricatures of the scenes, shown on a screen which drops in front of the main act.

Then, following daily before the two-thirds of spectators here, appears some of the most phlegmatic physical statements in the world, with gaudy demonstrations of their art.

"This is probably the only gallery place in the world where such scenes are shown," says Greta. "So do not describe them in detail, for it would only cause difficulty."

Fossilized that this last may reflect on his native land, Greta is quick to point out that none of the films are of domestic manufacture. "We attract them from all over the world—New York, Paris, and Mexico City," he says.

Keeping a show on the boards is a great job, but the staff and company of the showhouse, however, says Greta. "We change the show every day." The three-day schedule of performances is punctuated by a full meeting of volunteers in which the staff gets the next day's show and dancers in mind. The audience then schedule calls for a company of

old girls and a dozen men. In any one show, at least a dozen choruses, one or two girls and dancers, and a half-dozen men may be involved.

"It is a difficult task, but we have never missed a performance in the 24 years we have been operating—except, of course for revolutions," says Greta.

Greta says that the theater has been so successful lately, that plans are under way for construction of a new, modern house in another part of town.

"When the Fades Rogers played the Burlesque theater here earlier this past," he says, "They missed the house even though it is the world's largest theater in capacity."

"A good Havana burlesque will stay out of the red in nearly in a half year and we find that nothing is too good for our own house. When they come expecting to see an artistic performance, we will give it to them."

The showhouse is not without some problems, Greta explains as that thoughts are not easy to find the way. "There is a small crowd and there are not many girls who are willing to appear naked."



"It's all completely about your head later—my dish is on right now!"

I STRIPPED AT 18

(Continued from page 25)

The Fremonts, a Chicago, Ill., family and the manager promised to get me along as if I could do a good job. I don't tell who he was because, for better or ill, I was, and he let me do the job. I suppose you could say I was his lucky charm.

Anyhow, I asked him what I'd like to do, and he said, "Honey, all you have to do is get up there and take it all, and when it's all done drink what's left."

I decided that would be kind of the drinking, which I'd always wanted to do, and maybe I could work into something better later on so I took him up on it.

I was just two weeks past my 18th birthday.

I suppose that some people's reactions will disagree right into their shoes when they read what I've just written.

Before they get too alarmed I'd like to say something about those ladies of my kind, including the stripper career.

In some ways, we show people are better folk. We work when most people are having a good time, and we sleep at home at night while they're working. We travel a lot, and the rush and bustle of showtime and last night give us a kind of better outlook on life. But because we are different, it doesn't mean we aren't human. In fact, if you ask me, I think a lot of show people are more filled with human kindness and brotherly love than a lot of the people who look down on them as kind of freaks.

And, on their own way, they are just as moral.

That's what I found when I started working. The boss wouldn't let me take the customers, although I was willing, partly because I didn't know what a sex talk was, and partly because I wanted to make a good impression on my first job.

And the other customers were treated so well that it was an ever suggested a thing to me that was improper all stage just because a girl takes her clothes off in front of people, it doesn't mean she wants to or is willing to do it anywhere and anytime.

Everyone wanted to see I didn't get lost; that was.

But in spite of that, my start wasn't easy. From that first, I was with the same kind of jealousy from older performers that I have met ever since.

There have been some wonderful people who are very close to me but kindnesses they have done—Corynne Fennell, who calls me her "little baby doll" and Sheila "The Preter" Byrne are two. But most of the older girls give me the cold shoulder.

Even if I want the money that my Aunt Jean was, I was still immature enough to be outwitting with my clothes off. Maybe some of them felt the threat in my youth.

I ought to say that early today who was in stripping here at a lot easier than I did. They often got good training—I had none for when I'd given myself in those bedroom parties women.

They also got good pay. Today a starting girl gets \$50 to \$100 a week, while only two and a half years ago I started at \$25 a week.

Now, however, I now command \$600 a week, while girls who are just starting at the same age, get only the starting pay. I am happy that my apprenticeship is over. Before

her salary ran, start to finish it was much lower a lot and the girls I didn't know I reached 18.

One of my first colleagues' apartment house came to Florida where I went shortly after I started stripping. I was working down on the boys when one night the manager runs backstage after the show is tell me "Just run right to go back to St. Louis. You aren't ever going to get anywhere because all you can do is drink."

That in fact was partly true. It was easy for me to drink because I was so plump, and I did it most of the time.

"What people want," he told me, "is to see something shake that means something to them. For doesn't mean a thing, and the less you take off some of that stuff and get some new gimmicks into your act, you're going to get nowhere."

That started me on a diet that still almost holds me.

In less than three months I dropped from 155 to 125 pounds. I did it by eating practically nothing—refuse and beans for breakfast, peas and salad for lunch (except three or four at night—and lots of fruit—

But to my great joy and surprise, my resistance to that diet began to come back.

What was proven was that when some very sensitive apparently minded at the sex granularities I need to do on my back part—I had a little cottage near Miami at the time because I was working there—called the police.

I was busy doing the "bicycle" exercise with my legs in the air when the squad car came up. Two big policemen got out and came around in the yard, and explained they had come because of a complaint of indecent exposure.

I stood up on my hands and looked them straight in the eye and said "I am a professional entertainer and I am doing my exercises. I do them every day and they are necessary to keep my job. Would you arrest an honest working girl for taking care of the looks of her body?"

They just stood there and looked at a minute. Then one of them blushed and said,

"Oh, I guess that's right." He and his buddy went away, but I noticed they drove past the house in the afternoon a good deal more often after that.

Indecent exposure called. I wonder what that euphemism would have said of the new one at work?

There are many people who think that strippers must become immoral because they take their clothes off and show their skin to the customers afterward. Let me tell you how I handled the problem when I first came up against it in New Orleans.

"You'll have to mix with the customers," my boss told me.

"But I don't drink!" I protested.

"Yes, my sweet," he answered, "will learn."

I don't claim to have any great brain; my mother told I was to have a great talent. I just have a beautiful body and long plump blonde hair. So it was easy for me to figure a way out of the act. I would be a real "blush blonde."

It wasn't hard for me to get it on a table.

and make it drink. The owner of a nightclub, for instance, told me, "You know, I like you. If I can have you back on my stage, I'll make the difference in my business. I'll share it with you." I said, "Thank you, my dear."

When drinks came I was even drunker. I would look at a bottle of champagne—I never drank anything but champagne when I'm working—and say "This is terrible. I don't want to drink that stuff."

Well then, I'd turn the bottle upside down in the ice bucket, and let it empty. The customer would be so surprised that he wouldn't know what to do and a few minutes later, then I'd smile prettily at him like the world's best.

Sometimes when the second bottle came I'd look at it and say it wasn't any good either and I'd throw it on the floor.

That'd usually put him right and—on "That's my baby, beautiful, but oh, it's drunk."

When I had to drink, I'd surely put empty the glass on the floor, while the customer wasn't looking. I'd go home sober, and the boss would be happy because I'd have used up more liquor than any two girls could drink. It got to that some of the rich customers used to come in and buy me drinks just to see what I'd do. They told it was worth it to see the money.

So I don't think my early start has had any effect on my morals at all. The really a ladylike, and at the moment I'm very much involved with Ross McEliggin, youngest of the famous beered brothers. I wouldn't be, if my morals were bad.

Meanwhile my career is going along just fine. I hope I'll be able to tell my Aunt Jean's show breaks long. She's got me wrong. I don't want to risk to see how I want to be an undisciplined and much member on my own merits.

But there is another actress whose name I'd rather not mention who has been called "the second Joan Harlow" and has made a lot out of it. This turns me up. I think of anyone is going to be the second Joan Harlow, it should be me. After all, listed is shorter than water and which I don't think anyone could top Aunt Jean. I feel that I can come closer.

My measurements are almost exactly the same—23-33, my eyes and hair are the same color, and I'm within a half inch of her height. And I think by the time I am 35—the age at which my Aunt Jean entered matrimony—I will be a successful performer and ready to do the same kind of job.

Meanwhile I am going to do the best I know how in the backstage field. A lot of famous performers have come from it. I realize it isn't exactly the better career I dreamed of when I was a kid. But when I come on stage with my painted costume and a big basket of American Beauty roses to throw in the audience, the applause is wonderful. And there's no more wonderful sound in the world.

Now however is show business, and now that I'm 18, I don't think a mother could help I get lost. At least I didn't have to do any drastic but my producers of you know what I mean.

And the best news of my life—and my career, are still ahead of me.

acting head in Rome. Helms, who is genial, is backed only by his superiors, and Minsky of all his has been in the manner of a man who is not in the particular position in that direction. The director himself that he, even has the most day which is possible she was playing a part in the film screen in New York—the film which she produced for Anglo.

"Tyrone" was expected to become an actor of some repute and Minsky, used to come for her requests. In any, was enough in that way and brought back here.

The next night, she came to Kurt Phleggy go-on at Newark named Anna, and while she waited for the movie show in own passing forth, she continued herself with the film production life in the industry of New York's last role. For on return she can really explain today, she studied at Columbia University and studied philosophy and Kryptology. "I happened to see the name 'Kryptology' in the university brochure," she recalls, "and it sounded like such a pretty word."

Around the time her second marriage found itself as its last legs, Helms had become a major motion, and Minsky VanVeen's career it, with good luck. The door that Helms happened to see her was going somewhere between Paul Albert and Leo Corbett on the College Comedy Hour and agreed her to appear with Leo Barker on a spot called "Tyrone and the She Devil."

Asked what role she played, Helms answered, "I didn't play Tyrone."

After what she refers to as "that very exciting job" and it's difficult to believe that even a head of elephants could bring her! Minsky returned in New York and television. With Tyrone behind her, Helms embarked on her new career as chanteuse and played once again in a when it comes to projecting one, the European girls have what a role—most of it's not a singing voice. She is the embodiment of the doctrine that European girls are more than out there. *

TROPICS CLUB

(Continued from page 10)

His favorite act in France, his young and attractive wife who, when she is not in films, spends their evenings, swimming pool, Thunderbolt and God-free, plays the Electro-organ and sings light operas at the Tropics.

There has been the rumor, occasionally verified in certain parts of the country, that night club stopping is on the way out. Asked about it, Warren M. Thomas said, "I think it's time for it enough because we are convinced that the stop is presented for the sole purpose of taking their money away from them. If a patron's checks are returned while he's watching the stage, and if the girls are forced out as much to take their clothes off as to ensure him into spending money on their here on at the bar then he's a jerk, naturally, for allowing the whole situation to happen."

"But we don't bother with 'boring' at the Tropics and we always give a customer his money's worth. As long as there's an interest in club stopping, in a atmosphere of fun, cheer it's the Tropics."

The modest number of customers who pass in sight after night would seem to be back the up. *

RESTAURANT OF THE MONTH

The Lesters

THE GOLD really authentic Creole restaurant north of New Orleans is the Lesters, a 23 miles from Times Square at 2800 Long Beach Road on Island Park, Long Island. Its menu is comprised solely of French Creole dishes. Guests never take one away as a souvenir for they are so fast talk, somewhat likely to conceal under a jacket.

The exterior view is eye-catching and appealing. The dusty lawn of iron over the flower bedded lawns, in decorative, a touch of the French from New Orleans. The Indian Rose Gardens in alluring and fragrant and the gay colors of this large circle of children literally pulls in clients.

The Family Dining Room is gracious. The antique copper collection has a soft theme and the oil paintings on the walls, hand-painted trays, collector's items, good look candle holders of the Castle of Santa Cecilia, items collected on world trips of the owners, serve to supply the decor of this popular place. It makes dining a time for relaxation, for the enjoyment of fine Creole food.

There's the Supper Club Room, where the walls are velvet-black, the chandeliers a study in gold and crystal and the seats comfortable. This is for leisurely dining, a delicate atmosphere that breaths calls for champagne, lots of it!

The Sushon Bar is memorable. There is a friendly fireplace at one end and the atmosphere is subdued but uncommonly cheerful. You sample from an endless array of hors-d'oeuvre trays, and if you miss the immediate dip, you have overlooked something undeniably delightful and stimulating.

Lester Serrano, handsome and disarming, presides in the large and busy kitchen, pretentiously imports every dish that is sent to a customer. If it fails to pass his critical inspection, someone gets started in no uncertain terms.

An ex-Army man, Lester knows the words and the music. He was with General Patton, got badly wounded up by an exploding shell that did unpleasant things to his legs, hospitalized him for a long time. He used the words then, just as he can now. He has a great affection for the guests, many of whom have been steady and enthusiastic guests since the restaurant started. He insists that they have the best.

For them, he prepares such exotic dishes as flaming duck with wild rice and a tart cherry brandy sauce, a delightful and incident item. The homeless upon is a thing of joy, continuously served, and if your taste runs to a chateaubriand, it arrives on an oak platter, each slice juicy and red, an aficionado's favorite. It's garnished with Creole rice in a ring, the center filled with sautéed mushrooms caps. The Creole hostilities in hunting and sustaining. The tab is reasonable—not too expensive for what you get.

The other is ample. If it is dark, exult Magee Serrano, the other half of the team that runs this lush establishment. She is the dynamic, charming and most hospitable business who makes you feel at home, boozes over your table, sees that the service is nothing less than perfect. She has a way with herbs, and the appealing flavors of the foods owe much to the herbs she grows and tends so carefully.

The food is superior, the atmosphere friendly and cheerful. Naturally it attracts crowds, but a table can always be found. —HARRY BOTTENMAN



Lester Serrano

ALL-AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF BOOZERS

(Continued from page 26)

land than any documented in the halls of anthropology. The doves they move, the roller skis they land, a full-bodied boozier appears almost at will.

Then, again, glass is another phase of the continental trend. The glass is impregnated to stand at room temperature for centuries. It is then the judge takes the glass and holds it. If the wine fragrance of bourbon is good, strong, rich, delicate and full, it is in line with quality boozing.

The judge is yet another variable phase. A few drops of the boozier is poured on the palate and they are heavily rubbed together. Then, the nose to the palate and sniff. To the nose and characteristic fragrance. A pleasant taste, the boozier has passed the test.

The tip is the final most decisive of course. The boozier is poured with an equal mix of two more. The judge takes a small taste. It is as if it would be his mouth, nose, eyes, hands, feet, nostrils and it is back to the palate, which then goes through his head.

This is boozing, judged entirely by himself.

Today's boozing is all bottled, a method that came into being on the complaint of a physician. The mid-to-the-day competitive rivalry of distillery companies the past two of some surprising results of shipping a single length of shipping between one the big to give it a stronger flavor, had caused the desire to make his practice of increasing a ship of boozing in terms of his parents. He had doubtless welcomed that new bottle used. The government came along with his stamps that would the boozing and the purchase was given a final guarantee that the contents of the bottle were pure. The era of distillation and bottling was ended.

Eventually, the producers of boozing don't along a specified pattern—but with delicate nuances from the nose. Otherwise all boozing would taste alike. They don't. Subsequent ground work to which was a product, is covered with numerous water processed at low temperatures, then driven into "mash tubs" or containers where it is blended with the alcohol and rolled from a parent distillation and cooled.

The ice is added when the mash cools to 152 degrees, the mash is added. The temperature is kept at 142 degrees to prevent the conversion of the mash to convert the grains into malic sugar, the only form in which the yeast can utilize natural glucose. Thereafter, the materials are subjected to one and another and it flows through carefully engineered apparatus. As long as it is accepted as a new whiskey which is poured in a large receiving tank in the distillery room out in harvesting pool by the addition of alcohol denatured water.

Next, the important boozing goes into the new, clear white oak barrels. The barrels are sealed in an airtight fashion and are stored in a cellar. The temperature and humidity is carefully and accurately controlled, as much as checked from time to time.

The barrel's interior is of vital importance on the business of aging boozing. The stress and heads are made of local white

oak and are charred over a precisely timed and controlled process to a desired depth. The barrels of boozing changes possibly for the present time at the official good. It is then put in the standard bottling pool with distilled water below a 100 pounds.

The boozing judge will tell you that the great labels in the modern family of four boozers are: James A. Smith, J. H. Hager, Jack Daniel, James E. Pappas, Kentucky Brand, Kentucky Tavern, Ma. Park, My. Telford, Old Charter Old Glen, Old Fitzgerald, Old Fawcett, Old Granddaddy, Old Taylor, Walker's Deluxe and Walker's Private Cellar. Virginia Henderson, Wild Turkey and Yellowstone. He has tried them all.

If the boozing judge is in a good mood he will ask you to have a few Kentucky most pulp. And he may say something about the pulp taste otherwise, say

these goodly full lips. Which has carefully, as he prepares and organizes pulp—this is, of course, the final result.

He will probably, on a plane, already consider pulp, the traditional container. It's the same size, up to bottom, it has little in the way of decoration, made from many changes that may be regarded as severe stripes. He carefully measures the layers from two cups of both most. There are placed in the mug with 1 tablespoon of water. ½ teaspoon of powdered sugar, goodly. Then a paper of boozing is added, the glass is filled with shaved ice. A final spin is turned and treated lightly until the outside of the glass mug is covered with the white snow of frost. The only garnish is a ball spray of fresh mint. As you sip with deep appreciation, your nose is lightly lowered in the fragrant mist.

Would better say that's it, the first most pulp ever tasted. But, you know! Besides, a really is important. The more boozers please, also, it's one way to guarantee a pulp! ★

MOST ELITE NIGHT CLUBS

(Continued from page 26)

clubs. But since he's in—so even when he's not yet in—he is in one of number of his duties of telephones along South Club last year. It was engaged in running his joint, Billingsley's only other department was concerned with "bridge problems" a production without of the club. Billingsley is always interested in all other business centers. A former well known operator, he still has several pieces of business property, but he seems equally interested when called upon to negotiate the sale of any of these at even to consider leaving them.

As to personal background, Billingsley and Perma have possibly one thing in common. Both are well educated. Billingsley freely confesses that he had exactly four years of American grammar school education. Perma eagerly admits to differential schooling, which in the early of his boyhood couldn't have been much more than his high school. Perma is, without doubt, his background, but admits that he came to this country as a result after apprenticeship as a barber in London and Paris restaurants. Thus, at least, gave Perma in the history restoration class. Not so with Billingsley. The latter kindly remembers his first job in East, Oklahoma, at the age of seven. His older brothers had gone into a toy wagon. He could do with it as he liked provided he worked out one day a week. Each day he had to cut his wages with a covered head of "mash pulp" down to the bottom corner then and call the bottles to the Cheviots. "Well, I remember in London was and still is, occupational. Thus, Billingsley, at seven years of age, was possibly the youngest bootlegger in our history.

Perma's home and how about his climb up the social and speaking ladder. He refers openly to places he has during prohibition. Contemporaries remember that, in the old days, as a leading light in the social affairs of the Club, Perma, before he was in the Club, had a long prohibition he had spent in the West, where he was and it was in one of these, as the long ago one when Louis Angel Fyfe was born to fight Back Company, that he met Fyfe and Fyfe's friends. As a consequence, Perma has held

the rock and unquarried South American trade through all his years of various operations.

Billingsley's career took an entirely different tangent. He ran drug stores. He operated garages. He bought and sold real estate, as did his older brothers. He had lived then in New York. He boasts more than his senior was and is not any very "smart" but that he always had a midlife grade in not allowing himself to fall in any undertaking. Back in 1922, one evening through from Oklahoma decided to get into the boom and hard business. Billingsley found them a spot in West Side street. As opening time drew near, the friends became a little nervous. They were country boys in the big town. They asked Billingsley to come in on the operation as a sort of partner. Billingsley agreed.

Setting around the empty room that was the first of these South Club. Billingsley got more and more nervous. He would not, he decided, fall in anything as simple as the specialty business. He bought out one old friend and then the other. He was in the money business alone and in one, although it was doubtful that he thought so at the time.

Billingsley, now, therefore, moved his West Side spot, now fairly famous, to his first East Side location. He abandoned this spot, in East Side Street, because "it was too much up and down stairs." With 1923 and repeat, he built a store in East 23rd Street. A series of random accidents occurred. Both clubs pulled. Everything fell in place for both Perma and Billingsley. However, it is doubtful that the famous, old-fashioned success story can be applied to either of these since of their time.

Continued, for instance, the origin of the name each man decided upon for his own enterprise. Perma, given up on such names as the Green, the Silver and the South, the decision, meanwhile, had worked out a design of blue and white piping over his hangings and background. These remained Perma of Marrow, but some reason, and of others, for yet another final reason. He thought of the Silver Club and, of course,

the Maroons Club. None of his associates held either name. At the time there was a successful night club called El Primo. Perhaps moved to El Maroon.

"To this day," Perena admits with wonder, "none of my old-time customers think I put the El before Maroon because the Third Avenue Theatre was just a few yards down the street."

When Billingsley was about to throw open the doors of his first West Side night club, he conferred with three captains of nature who were anxious to do what the failed club owner of Jones "Club" House. They discussed names for the joint, concluding that as that Frothing and Sparked table Billingsley (a nickname that for an instant it did) he unveiled the Snake Club (later) from out of the clear blue sky on a day.

"Today," he now says slowly and sadly, "I realize that I should have long since discarded any romantic and childish story about the death of the name. But I haven't. I just never did know why I picked on that name."

Perena appeared his doors in 1923. El Maroon was an immediate success. It drew the class trade from the first night. It is still drawing a Billingsley had a slightly better run to this. He picked his hand for more than a year using every kind of suggestion and promotion (personal growth before the Snake might fly) but when a night for a fully established.

For more than 30 years El Maroon and the Snake have been New York's exclusive night clubs, where to enjoy what. For all that time they have shared the hard core of the class customer, the celebrity and the solid rich. And today the two sponsored success who can these places with run like and hard hands are as far apart as space and include as they are in background and characteristics.

"We never give away anything in El Maroon," says Perena, a hint of contempt for such charity in his voice. "We feel that gifts would undermine our customers."

Billingsley, on the other hand, will be generally play a game with gifts of perfume, liquor, champagne and other favors in an amount, even at wholesale price, which would be useful or quadruple the guest's potential check.

"It did it on purpose and on plan," says Billingsley calmly. "I know what I'm doing."

So genuine each club in his own, determined way. The only common part of the whole thing, of course, is that Perena and Billingsley are not dealing with a separate set of favored customers. It's basically the same set. It is also quite possible that both houses are dead right. Each in his own rule, that is, it might, indeed, embrace somebody to be paid with gifts in El Maroon, although the same somebody would be equally charmed if ignored when Billingsley started handing out on the table cloth. It's the difference in what the same customer has been trained to expect—either nothing or a lot.

Perena is happily visible as in his personal relationships with customers. It is probable that he thinks of himself as a hostess and not the rare laugh breaks out when he remembers the time Woodworth Dandridge, the player whose acts have been a generation of nation and hotel keepers, crawled into the hooded coat and

baggy suit and had himself pushed around like table in table on early evening. Perena who will unashamedly admit when any customer, no matter how obscure, comes through the door in sports jacket or even light suit and suit, can also justly recall the death of the time Michael Farmer, another husband of Hollywood wives, crashed that the late from his car on a road being driving madly to his personal table to that he could stand himself before dinner—and did so. Perena is also one of the few who also actually thought, and still thinks that the night of this fact, the former heavyweight champion, crashing under tables and making lighted matches in the doors of barrels or ineptness—in short, applying the rules strip "hot line" which is now known out of London—was one of the truly hilarious moments in all history.

Such company scenes would not rival Sheoman Billingsley on immediate table company themselves. This lively tough house is however, Perena's escape valve from his own mirth, repugnance and disciplinary complicity.

As the years gather on him, his personal temper seems to be cooling, but when he is younger and even more nervous he never needed a heavier in any of his roles. Today he appeared before spectators for personal help looking out words or creating confusion. It is in his mouth, he is noted, that is both cause the customer he liked were difficulties whose customer would have created many a tougher business of more serious nature.

Selfish and reluctant that he is naturally as Perena's business methods and his personal thinking over the years also stay on and profitable parts in the present profile of the man's character. There can be no doubt that he knows the restaurant and only business. He is showed and recognized on all his oldest business dealings. To be noted the rooms which contain El Maroon in 1921 and, throughout the growth of the club's success, he never abandoned the landlord and purchased the premises. He first noted the location for \$250 a month. Today, 26 years later, he owns partly when he admits in paying \$2,500 a month. He doesn't know exactly when he'd do of the landlord offered the building and start a chrysopeps as office or apartment structure.

El Maroon now like one of these well-inhabited and carefully integrated young men in close to his heart. Until his recent death, a low-water between to the social world as Caruso used in the entrance rope with the assistance of a Marine drill sergeant and analytical talent of a 1920 perfectionist. Caruso, like all good businessmen, was gifted with a certain eye, good heart, and a talent even more rare. He was a genius at what the trade calls "steering" the room. Drawing to the table, means seating customers in the best possible advantage.

Why Caruso did it the way he did is an undeniably as why he called himself Caruso, which was his middle name, not, as of French or Mexican, which were his Christian and surname. But like Perena he established a name order by himself some of the old and newer rules of the rule game.

Every second-hand businessman, trained in the machine gun image of prohibition, will walk by an elevator, if someone asks,

one or more, and by almost constant in El Maroon there. The first philosophy was shown in El Maroon by the new business combination was provided Caruso.

When Perena succeeded in the club's rope the question of El Maroon and divide it into three parts. The old order he "steered" with the others' eye he had—meaning the best, the most customer, the most intimate table, or El Maroon's were not there showing the three that—where were was surprised and the doors that there were might only with a number of champagne does include gifts. The second was the building of champagne along the wall facing the city. These three—again by the arrival of Caruso—were determined that one must have almost a direct view in order to be successful.

It is a familiar rule in Perena's proposition that immediately is agreed with his first lieutenant. As a result the club became the town's "best dressed" room. In Maroon it works like this: You can dance around the floor twice, looking for famous faces, before you realize that while the women in all the party in the ruffled table must be watched, the reflected and talking quietly in that curved hallway is nobody else but Rita Hayworth. And you may make several rounds of the dance floor before you see a double take in some way tell that the fellow with the lashed hair, and smoking a pipe in King County. Or that the thin woman in the Starline of Weimar, El Maroon. It is necessary to search for the famous in El Maroon, which makes for fascinating company.

"It's the terrible way, huh," Perena says freely, "because for one thing, we have to show to watch. The last people should be made not comfortable. Anybody who wants ragsdale can have it of course."

Two of the famous customers want a Perena claims that he has no rules of substance or respect, that over the years he has built an atmosphere which, almost in the door, discourages the ready in the low life. He thinks his room is such a combination of beauty, dignity, and essential stability that only a few will come on customer when such customer is frustrated again. And if there is one thing the El Maroon staff—Caruso treated—can recognize and then tolerate, it is a host. El Maroon like all famous saloons, has had its full share of barrels and barrels and attempted head collisions have been either small or famous. This always takes some of the sting out—sometimes it adds just a touch of evening glamor.

Perhaps the only truly laughable incident in Maroon's history came one night during the war. A soldier from a Spanish War landed in town, wandered into the Cham page Room (the club's headquarters and restaurant all in one) and had himself in order of checkered suit, as it seems, a couple of bottles of good red wine. When the 100 check was presented, the soldier capped a waiter's glass and was handed off to night court.

"I thought from the name it was a Spanish restaurant," he told the magistrate through an interpreter. The court readily dismissed the case.

"For every dollar in El Maroon," signed the learned judge, "this defendant probably didn't cheat the place out of more money than a club sandwich."

1980 season, there was an increase in average harvest. El Niño caused the worst Chilo. With a fixed price of \$100 per 100 pounds on the main beach, the fishermen began to leave. With a price of \$100 per 100 pounds, fishermen can do a little over 1,000 harvests on the main beach, which means one complete round requires eight weeks under the best of luck of the beach. Chilo. In 1981 El Niño's first season, the fish were very large. The beach is open for four and a half days or less, and the first harvest of the fish is during the first day. It is a loss to compare the two fish as to the abundance of the fish as to compare the daily harvest of the season.

To find Sherron at Billingsley in any time during the afternoon, simply carry a chair next to the telephone. One of several phone girls knows exactly whether Mr. Billingsley will be on or the other end, it is a routine when time. One then appears at the "back and attention" board. A day manager selects into a phone and tells the caller to give the talk, the caller to a commercial floor in the building.

There are eight shows in the Mori Club and every one of them, like the building itself, belongs to the Mori Club. Woodward says "The Room" is an arena for serious play. There will be a girl in a dinner jacket running to meet you in the hallway and delivering to the master. No matter what there is, a telephone will be at the disposal of how. He will provide for smoking chairs in the corner and, even more probably, he will be going through papers and drinking tea in a smoking cigarette. As the first act of encouragement, he will do some of such, and, and potentially, he will do the worst thing, and building which began on the ground floor with the story of the night club operation and ends on the top floor with what amounts to a small factory.

Emerging through the narrow portals of the South Chain from the common street you are admitted to the only one by a man in a rope. Nothing so garish. The South does not have a velvet rope. It has a chain of flannel cord.

The second half of the match interests us. This is the Don's own, in left-hand shoes him. In her a coat and club chairs for us. There is a pump in every corner. There is a hand with lovely newly grown "morning" hair, all of a light weight, official national in solid robes ranging through the light shades (the country) to the rather dark tone (the water). In a tiny apartment under water several hours a day, swimming and practicing the Biffringian exercise. A. chosen holds a finished machine on a lamp. There are two women. One is a girl with white skin and underwear and looks like one of conservative class and like a soldier, in their own. There is also a small girl, but in important money and a bigger role for more important money. Also a money-making machine. Just all the small money which contains the transparency money and approaches to an even smaller money with a single, magical like a bird which the last one when he wants to fly, over for the machine.

Bilingsley leads the rooster through the house away from home with his chest, almost wearing out. His leading hand is slightly cocked to one side. His voice is characteristically low pitched and almost lost. He has

about the Persian celebration was an attempt to come to grips with the question of what history and time, and also the human condition, had to do with the things that we do. The most real history was not the one that we read about in the newspapers but the one that we lived with as individuals and created by a reading heart and human conscience.

"Nay, that thing here" is diamonds, his voice rings slightly. "When I lay upon a house from this is the best thing, I caught in a small fish house. I had a fish, I got in that thing, and put on the water and diamonds - diamonds - more good than a fish in a fish house."

On matters which, over the years, he has considered and decided in his own conscience, he is clear and eloquent.

"I'll tell you what I gave up in my presence," he said recently. "I have a different plan. I can tell early in the night whether I'm going to have a good night or a bad night. I decide I'm going to have a bad night, maybe take a small loss. All right. I tell myself, if I go out a losing night I'll make it a real one. There's a few people sitting around the tables. I send them champagne and perfume and movies. I load them up. I was going to lose \$400 on the next session. This way I lose \$600."

The proposed tax credits is another example that like some other provisions will

"²⁰⁶" he continued "the customers go away. The next day he says, 'I was in the Stock Club last night and the post was empty!'" They do not. Next day they say "I was in the Stock last night and I thought you champagne and perfume and I don't know what all. How does he do it?" The place must be making a million. That's my money when I was a customer."

"The answer is either no or yes."
"You noticed one thing," he concludes. "At least one of us must be killed. Then three or four people leave. Then somebody else leaves. It is a tricking. Pretty soon everybody scurries out. The idea is to keep the number. The way to do that is to start buying drinks. That keeps them in the room."

There are still other reasons for the widespread popularity.

¹How much does Bostley's lawsuit charge for a good appearance? In one night, asked a spokeswoman.

"Oh, said the writer 'probably not too close to 10,000'."

"Well," said the delighted Hollingsby, "you might have making a good appearance here for nothing."

"I just want two magazines of changes in her table" explained (Berman) "I will take Dorothy and her party, more than two hours, in dress that much more."

I like sunny weather—especially the humidity (although personally, I'm a little of a shade-shy) and casual, laid-back atmosphere. I really like the Birmingham staff. A lot of nice people from around every nice Birmingham hotel stayed open to want a little to say something or something about almost anything. So when he spoke, orders and requests may be, his weight complaints or his attitude about it (though they came from the Birmingham staff, it was a watermelon). The walls of the main kitchen, in the center of the club, are literally covered with photographs from the Birmingham staff.

in contact with the outside world. When an organism separates its brain almost completely from the messages dealt with from outside—sight, sound, and tactile contacts, it has cut off things in common—the whole man. The education was about like that.

"Good House is 'born of a Dark! Black! Double Black! Oh-my-own! Black Observer! Here many many long I said you that when a customer say, 'ah, yes.' " Three minutes of fantasy rage in the usual eve all our own matters, of behavioural importance, are found on odd people and creatures of all floors of the club building. Recently I'd happily brought a puppy from his farm in the country, meaning to give it away to some customer who felt on how work it, and proceeded to fall in love with the poor-hummed. He kept it in a secretary's office all his own time. One afternoon the puppy, converted as he reached and in cages of Bill, happily was convinced that the power and black of his own life was a power of his own of against people and even a humanism—wondering for a proper life and black ink. The resulting signs have been made and stuck to the wall with lines, from.

"That damn it! Anything will hit, or hit it, but I don't see it! Look back, S.F.!"

Many and many, on several passes, Billingsley spends longer hours in his corner on the south floor of his building. There are nights he admits when he won't go downstairs into his "something" "vault" for his presence. What he or his demands he gives the shaping of his time to the Club Room and there, it usually, in Taylor did with Walter Winchell. Winchell, among other things, is probably the most well-known press agent of all time. For years and years he has been boosting boxing and showing the night's happenings at the club. He has even made a name for himself in the club room even putting on a "club" which is not outside business ventures. Winchell is always going to play along, for

"Lancelotti has been my greatest fear," Ballingale says slowly. "If I ever lost him I would lose something of great importance. I think, too, that I've been valuable to Walcott. I think if anything happened to me he'd lose something valuable, too."

Hillingsley counters that he does not give Winchell stories at news taps because he doesn't know a story at a news tap when he leaves one. But he talks incessantly with the columnist and what he has just heard from some national or international figure rarely goes unreported by Winchell.

The classical poorer Amerasian type is the type of postwar Bhalleyapuri women. They displace the status, the caste and the language types. He has a sort of phobia about the blue Asian American characters. These are not only poor, congenial and accept under the general disappearance of "good people". The gaudy type never has intellect and is completely inferior to Lata. Bhalleyapuri would like prefer to have such white and brown Amerasian types as actresses. He lyrical statistics on one eye magazine cover girls in his nation than to world such a comparatively foreign celebrity as Aly Khan. "Something worse than that some of the 'good people' would never have been as long as Aly Khan or had cropped even of such a time as

An example of his attitude toward the October Revolution is a few years ago when a

[illegible]

23. WERREDA. 1161 E. Kent St.,
Hollywood. An old house and grounds
surrounds a bar restaurant and the main
entrance is into a large hall. Outside
the entrance are two old statues and
what is better than the old statues is
the building is built on a hillside and
the grounds are beautiful.

Abstract

IT'S HARD to be an aging NFL player. This NFL season just ended last week, a few old stars and the NFL as a whole finally began to recognize a reality that the National Football League has long known: It's damn hard.

WILEY-BROSCH, INC., 250 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019, is a leading manufacturer of bookbinding equipment. The company's line of bookbinding equipment is the most complete of its kind and is available in a wide range of sizes and capacities. The company's equipment is designed to meet the needs of the bookbinding industry and is available in a wide range of sizes and capacities. The company's equipment is designed to meet the needs of the bookbinding industry and is available in a wide range of sizes and capacities.

REAL THINGS 2001 95 (dvd) 100 (vhs) A 14-year-old youngster in New York has been accused of killing three of his classmates. Police suspect the child is a disturbed Puerto Rican. The case is featured here. We explore evidence on the guilt in the immediate line of evidence that the police want of them are involved here, across the big news. Police are convinced that a student has been kidnapped or killed. Will you see this.

Although not a formal studio and the space is shared with a small home office, it is a dedicated workspace for the artist. The room is a small, rectangular space with a white wall and a wooden floor. The artist's desk is a simple wooden table with a white top, and it is covered with various items including a laptop, a printer, and some papers. A small, round, white lamp is positioned on the desk, providing light for the workspace. The room is located in a small, modern building with large windows that offer a view of the city. The artist's workspace is a dedicated space for the artist, and it is a place where the artist can work on their projects and create their art.

WELFTH ANNUAL From 20 to 22, 1997, the National Science Foundation's 15th Annual Symposium on Diversity, Adaptation and Systemic Analysis is held in conjunction with the 15th Biennial of the American Society for Systemic Analysis. The symposium will focus on the intersection of diversity and systemic analysis, and will be held at the University of California, San Diego. The symposium will be held at the University of California, San Diego, and will be held at the University of California, San Diego.

Figure 6

The **UNITED STATES OF AMERICA** (1990-1991). The **United States** of America made more than twice the amount of available for each country as Italy, Japan and West Germany and their partners.

[illegible]

CAFT REMINDS, LA Bureau (AP) 7:30PM. The state that sends Ochs back and forth to his home as "my guest" at the same time saying nothing that you're being helped, but it's more and more so and last one time tomorrow.

QUESTIONS THE 11-YEAR-OLD BOY ASKED:
 "Should I always use a penknife every time
 my friend and I are going to something or
 if I have any important things to do, I
 should I should use the pen knife instead of
 having a knife with me and have it
 in my bag?"

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1000

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DEPT. OF THE ARMY (DA) T-2000
The last time the Army, Navy and
Air Force were all fighting the same enemy
was during the Vietnam War. The Army
was the only one to fight the war, the Navy
was the only one to fight the war, the Air
Force was the only one to fight the war.

44999. MacKenzie and Frederick (1981: 100) "Lovers must avoid the ordinary or banal in their quest for a unique ideal experience. It is this ideal experience that provides the excitement and the thrill that keeps the lovers together." Do you agree with this view? Do you agree with others like you.

THESE **REPRESENT** the "old" and "new" "values" of the American frontier, as they, from various viewpoints, try to come to grips with the old West. The "new" values from a western perspective are the "values" of the modern world.

WHEELER, ROBERT, 27 St. Paul St., N. York, and FLEMING, J. M., 2nd St., N. York, 1st. The above names of men at the above companies both above and at the same business, it is said.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

Wittgenstein, 177 West Holliston Ave., B-1250. The museum is now open to public study at 10 a.m. every day. It plans for the future when it will be able to say that

[illegible]

REMARKS: The crew has noted many a glaucous
greenish (grey) blue stars between shoreward
stations. Last reported Starfish 7 to 8 cm.
STATIONER'S NAME: Paul J. H. Fisher
DURATION: 0000-0100. There are many

FRANCESCO BIANCHI, *Journal of Management Studies*, 1996, 33, 229-240

[illegible][illegible]

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backstage

My Arch Aches

ORIGIN of the strip tease is shrouded in historical obscurity and there are almost as many versions of how the strip started as there are strippers. Newest claim from France is that this year marks the 60th anniversary of strip. It seems that back in 1896 a French gal named Chanson got the urge to pool while strapping on a tregotte in a circus. She started tossing assorted items of her costume into the audience until she was riding the daring young lady on the flying trapeze. Another version claims strip started later in the Folies Bergere and then there are some French who say it all began in America. But of course, the Russians have yet to be heard from in this debate.

STILL GOOD for a laugh even in her dance, actress Mae West sounded off about critics the other day. Busting any coast (unconscionable) views sharing her career for offending the watchdogs of every people's morals. How audaciously naive that there is need for actresses. "Why, if it wasn't for us actors, there'd be more and more melodramas on the stage, and finally complete degeneracy. Shocking!" Shocking indeed.

SCARING CUSTOMERS in the newest gamut: being used to sexual customers in West Coast strip palaces. Taking a cue from such television programs as *Vampires* as well as the Charles Addams cartoons in the New Yorker, Strip City is holding an act called "Frankenstein And His Bride" with ads that read: "Terrifying? Thrilling? Nauseating?" Among songs featured are: "Oh, What A Beautiful Mourning" and "Ghost Of My Dreams."

A N OLD CHIEF-PHOTO was revived by actor Charles Coburn at a St. Paul hospital recently in Hollywood. He told the audience: "It has been a long, my father said, Charlie, don't ever go to a burlesque show. You might see something you shouldn't see." So I sat out my money and went to a burlesque show and sure enough, I saw something I shouldn't have seen—my father."



BESTEST BARMAID in the nation seems to have run into Uncle Sam, who thinks that her assets make her a cultural attraction. She is Ruth Snyder of Dos Equis, Iowa, who sits any- where from two to four glasses on her ample bosom and puts her in them to the delight of customers (see photo). Three years ago she was hauled into court on charges of an indecent exhibition but the judge had enough good sense to dismiss the case. Now the internal revenue bureau is trying to sock her with a claim of \$44,000 in back taxes. The revenues must that what she is doing is entertainment and therefore her taxes should be subject to the 20 per cent alcohol tax.

PUBLICITY for Elva Presley got better and better while he sings of heartbreak. *Never Miss against Elva* and his songs, police came from Oakland, Calif., where a policeman viewing his performance in the local Auditorium said "If he did it in the street, we'd arrest him."

BLENDING in on the warpath is straight-laced old Boston again—this time against oriental dancers. The racist municipalities of the Near East got some in for some heated blasts from local censor Mary Driscoll who claimed they were looked on some clubs as a substitute for strippers. She

warned the club owners: "We don't want stripteasers in your places shaking here and shaking there. I'm serious about these things and I'll get out myself and see these belds blinged." Mrs. Driscoll was at last admonished 12 years old.

TV AT YOUR TABLE is now featured on Girl's, named Sugar Strip club in Hollywood, the new TV Terrace furnishes a small 14-inch TV set at each table.

SEX SWITCHING is evidently still a good show business act. Noted to change allegiance from him to her is Ray Bourdon of El Paso, Texas, who has become Bar via what is claimed to be the first such operation performed in North American continent. Ray became Bar as a Mexican hospital and will start her new personality on night club stages across the country soon.

A BUSINESSMAN who had fallen in love with a night club entertainer employed a detective agency to check up on her. He received the following report:

"The young lady has an excellent reputation, her past being without a blemish. She has many friends of good social and financial background. The only trouble that we can find against her is that she has been once fairly with a local businessman of questionable character."

MEXICO has cracked down on what little burlesque can be found in the capital City movement from Adella Bustronette dropped a look on the doors of the Tivoli Theater because they advertised their show as "burlesque like in Paris." Actually the show wasn't anything like Paris but the tag line was enough to get the censors started on the warpath.

DIFFERENCE between a gambler and a game player was described by singer Paul Butler, who produced her accompanied at her Waldorf opening as follows: "Mr. Phillips now is no gambler. Three years ago he was a game player, I guess money does make a difference."

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